for anything from a spool of thread to a diamond ring. If the head swells somewhat, or if the ego is over-developed, it is but a natural illusion of grandeur which invariably appears under such circumstances.

Social life is the same as in the United States, only more spirited. The days are made up of one continuous procession of bridge parties, teas, receptions, dinners, and dances. The social lines are more or less elastic, but occasionally are definitely drawn.

The Philippine Four Hundred is determined by what has been called the license-plate aristocracy. Automobile numbers are given out, number r formerly to the Governor-General, number 2 to the President of the Senate, and so on down the list. The earnest endeavor of all is to secure a low number. The Vice Governor (not the most recent one) scaled the social heights by usurping the Governor-General's number i with a letter added. Even the venerable Supreme Court Magistrates, chagrined at having numbers larger than all of the many legislators, hit on the scheme of using the Chief Justice's number 5. A national crisis was narrowly averted when the Speaker and Speaker *Pro Tempore* of the House of Representatives clashed over the use of plate number 3. The policeman's salute is accepted with smug humility $ the occupant of the low-numbered car gives a condescending nod, his soul flooding with the glowing warmth of egotism.

The American family not only lives comfortably but pleasurably. There are the clubs, where cocktails can be taken and friends can be met, there are sports, like polo, tennis, and

golf, and there are theaters, where the latest talkie and occasionally grand opera can be enjoyed. Thus plenty of recreation is available.

Some Filipino families live on a magnificent scale. Their homes are large and elegantly furnished with antique furniture or importations from China and Europe. Their servants are practically numberless and are paid much less than the